

CHURCH AND KING.

(A SONG).

WHILE o'er the bleeding corpse of France,
Wild anarchy exulting stands,
And female fiends around her dance,
With fatal *lamp cords* in their hands ;

CHORUS. We Britons still united sing,
Old England's glory, CHURCH and KING.

Poor France ! whom blessings cannot bless,
By too much liberty undone ;
Defect is better than *excess*,
For having *all* is having *none*.

CHORUS. Let Britons then united sing,
Old England's glory, CHURCH and KING.

True freedom is a temperate treat,
Not savage mirth, nor frantic noise,
'Tis the brisk pulse's vital heat,
And not a fever that destroys.

CHORUS. Let Britons then united sing,
Old England's glory, CHURCH and KING.

The Gallic lillies droop and die,
Profan'd by many a *patriot knave* ;
Her Clubs command, her Nobles fly,
Her Church a martyr—King a slave.

CHORUS. While Britons still united sing,
Old England's glory, CHURCH and KING.

While pillow'd on his people's breast,
Our Sov'reign sleeps secure, serene,
Unhappy Louis knows no rest,
But mourns his more unhappy Queen.

CHORUS. Let Britons then united sing,
Old England's glory, CHURCH and KING.

He finds his *Palace* a *Bastile*,
Amidst the shouts of liberty ;
Doom'd every heartfelt pang to feel,
For merely striving to be free.

CHORUS. While Britons then united sing,
Old England's glory, CHURCH and KING.

Go, democratic demons, go !
In France your horrid banquet keep !
Feast on degraded *prelates* woe,
And drink the tears that *monarchs* weep !

CHORUS. While Britons still united sing,
Old England's glory, CHURCH and KING.

Our Church is built on Truth's firm rock,
And mocks each sacrilegious hand ;
In spite of each *electric shock*,
The heav'n defended steeples stand.

CHORUS. While Britons true united sing,
Old England's glory, CHURCH and KING.

Old British sense and British fire,
Shall guard that freedom we possess ;
Tho' PRICE may write, and PAYNE conspire,
Secure shall be our happiness ;

CHORUS. While Britons still united sing,
Old England's glory, CHURCH and KING.